# ¶A lettre fro the holy ghost: to prestes and religious persones/ conceyued by ymagynacyon.

# ¶With a lettre fro the Father and sone and holy ghost: dyrected to all men.

¶And after folowth the thre verytes.

The thyrde persone/of the trynyte
That wrought all thynge/w̄ father & sone
And one god/with them in dyuynyte
Grete you well/my chyldren euerychone
Whiche I haue crystened/in the fonte stone
Our cōmaundementes/for to fulfyll
But after my wyll/all must be done
And therfore beware/of your proper wyll.

¶ The father is almyght/and his sone wysdome
And I am theyr wyll/all full of grace
Thus we thre do gouerne/our blyssfull kyngdom
And all other landes/in euery place
Then shulde my wyll/be your solace
To kepe you fro synne/and fro all yll
Now werke ye therafter/whyle ye haue space
And euer beware/of your proper wyll.

¶ your proper wyll is/euer redy to synne
And euer myne is/to drawe you therfro
And so of my wyll/yours muste begynne
As ofte as ye wolde/any good do
Then is your owne wyll/somwhat ouergo
For it is myne/that ye shall not spyll
With your fre choyse/nowe helpe ye therto
And euer beware/of your proper wyll.

¶ My wyll is fyrste of all/that ye haue drede
Pyte and cōnynge/strength and counseyll
After these gyftes/your wyll may ye lede
With vnderstandynge/and wysdom full well.

Nowe good chyldren/do as I you tell
That no myſgouernaunce/may come you tyll
Take good hede to chryſtes goſpell
And euer beware/of your prope wyll.

After your baptyſme/kepe wyll your fayth
With ſtedfaſt hope/and trewe charyte
And euer byleue/as holy churche ſayth
After the connynge/that ſhe hath of me
This wyſe my chyldren/ſaued may ye be
yf ye wyll werke/after my ſkyll
your ghoſtly enemyes/loke that ye fle
And euer beware/of your prope wyll.

This is my counſeyll/to all in generall
That haue take baptyſme/through my promocyon
But nowe I ſpeke/to you in ſpecyall
That I haue called/to holy relygyon
For ye ſhulde haue/moche more deuocyon
That ſtande vpon/the contemplatyfe hyll
Forſakynge that falſe/worldly ambycyon
And euer beware/of your prope wyll.

Wherfore my chyldren/I do you to wete
That I haue choſen you/to that degre
The worldly beſynes/that ye ſhulde forgete
And ſtande more reſtfull/fro ſuche vanyte
For the worldly courſe/as all daye ye ſe
Is euer troublous/and clappynge as a myll
Therfore I counſeyll you, to dwell with me
And euer to beware/of your prope wyll

Yf ye be chosen, to outwarde occupacyon
Loke that ye haue/no desyre therto
For why, your enemy/with his temptacyon
Is euer desyrynge/your sorowe and wo
Fro me for his flaterynge/why wyll ye go
That euer is besye/your soules to kyll
Good chyldren hereafter/do ye neuer so
But euer beware/of your prayre wyll.

Yf ye haue no wyll/to that ye forsake
Take alway obedyence/for your moste mede
And euer amonge/loue well your boke
That I haue enspyred/your soules to fede
And then in your cures/the better shall ye spede
Within or without/when ye bye or sylle
Spare fro moche spekynge/but for great nede
And euer beware/of your prayre wyll.

Also when ye ben/out of your cage
Loke ye be tender/to your brothers closed
And thynke ye that offyce/is none heritage
For ye may be tyed/after ye be losed
yet many there be/with the worlde so glosed
That they spare nothynge/theyr soules to spyll
To godes pleasaunce/let all be dysposed
And euer beware/of your prayre wyll.

As ye wolde be serued/serue so your brother
That he no cause haue/for to complayne
For why yf ye do/any wyse other
I can a remedye/to close you agayne

And then yf ye ſuffre/any ſore payne
Without any grutchynge/kepe your ſelfe ſtyll
And ſtudye your paſſyons/for to refrayne
And euer beware/of your prope wyll.

¶For yf ye do take/ſuche occupacyon
Agaynſt your wyll/with trewe obedyence
Then ſhall ye fynde/my conſolacyon
To be dyſcharged/with trewe pacyence
And this ſhall ye knowe/by experyence
What was your good/and what was your yll
Nowe for your better/do your dylygence
And euer beware/of your prope wyll.

¶Me nedeth nothyng/to wryte you this letter
For many good bokes/I haue you wrought
Rede ye my doctours/oft for your better
And folowe them in worde/in dede, and in thought
Thynke that chryſt Jheſus/dere hath you bought
And his cõmaundementes/loke ye fulfyll
Then of your enemyes/drede ye ryght nought
So ye beware/of your prope wyll.

¶Nowe my good chyldren/well mote ye fare
For of this wrytynge/I make an ende
That ye of fynne/the better beware
Pray oft my grace/you to defende
Chryſte graunt your lyues/euer to amende
With whom and his father/I ſende you this byll
yf ye make you clene/and do not offende
Hyther ſhall ye come/with your prope wyll.

¶Amen. 

# ¶A lettre fro the father

and sone, and holy ghost:
dyrected to all men.

¶The father.

ALl my dere chyldren/we grete you ryght wele
Both I and my sone/and our holy ghost
Wyllynge that ye had/all your ghostly hele
With true charyte/of all vertues the moost
The olde serpent wolde/that ye were lost
Therfore beware/of your wycked enemye
And kepe alwaye charyte/without false Enuye.

¶This enuye was cause/of your sorowe and care
When Adam was made/and put in paradyse
Therfore I counseyll you/for to be well ware
Lest he dysceyue you/the same maner wyse
With pryde/with wrath/slouth, and couetyse
And with vnclennes/and foule Glotonye
But amonge all other/beware of Enuye.

¶When.v.M.yeres/after Adam were past
I sent you my sone/of my great charyte
That shewed his loue/with his deth at last
To bryngе your soules/tyll heuenly prosperyte
Nowe my dere chyldren/folowe his benygnyte
That ye may be sayed, when ye shall dye
And amonge all vyces, beware of Enuye.

¶ The sone.

¶ Good brothers and susters/as my father sayth
To you was I sent/with my ryght good wyll
To teche you charyte/with hope and true fayth
And also obedyence/for to fulfyll
Why-for your soules/the fende shulde not spyll
That fell from heuen/with all his companye
And decepued mankynde/with his false Enuye.

¶ When I was with you,both god and man
Amonge my creatures, I founde moche synne
I wyll not say all/as I maye and can
But Iewes were worst/of myn owne kynne
And all your soules/for I wolde wynne
I toke my passyon/in the crosse to dye
To shewe my charyte/agaynst theyr Enuye.

¶ The seuen sacramentes/of myne holy churche
Were truely confyrmed/with my resurrecyon
That my seruauntes/the better myght worche
Under me sent/for theyr pyroteccyon
And then at laste/after myne Ascencyon
We sent our holy ghost/my father and I
To teche his charyte,agaynst your Enuye.

¶ The holy ghost.

¶ Good frendes and seruauntes/yf ye be trewe
I am your charyte/with my gyftes seuen
your father and his sone/dyd sende me to shewe
And lyghten your soules/as I dyd Steuen
Without any scole/ye may not get heuen

For without charyte/ye may neuer fye
But fall in to paynes/with your foule Enuye.

¶ Wrath many tymes/is full excusable
As when ye be wroth/agaynst any syn
But wycked enuye/is euer dampnable
Without contrycyon/yf ye dye therin
Then frendes/heuen yf ye wyll wyn
Kepe well your charyte/and let it neuer dye
With that foule venym, of false Enuye.

¶ Loke ye loue vs thre/aboue all other
As for one god/and maker of you all
And loue as your selfe/your suster and brother
All crysten people/without any gall
And then with Enuye/shall ye neuer fall
But dwell with vs/here without ende
your lyfe with charyte/yf ye wyll amende.

¶ Our blysfed Lady.

¶ Dere brothers & systers/nowe after your charyte
As our lorde god/hath taught you byfore
Kepe well this fayth/that the holy trynyte
Made heuen and erth/with moche fayre store
And for mankynde/shulde not be forlore
Chryste by the holy ghost/as sayd I saye
Of me a clene vyrgyn/was conceyued and bore.

¶ His passyon he toke/vnder Ponce pylat
Crucyfyed and deed/and buryed at last

Descended to helle/with great potestat
Arose the thyrde daye/that the fende was cast
And then tyll heuen, soone after he past
Syttynge with his father/on his ryght syde
A iuge to come/to deme the worlde wyde.

¶ In the catholycall churche/byleue ye also
With ye cõmunyng of sayntz/through christz passion
And your dewe penaunce/when ye haue do
Of all your synnes/to haue remyssyon
Byleue moreouer, in the Resurreccyon
Of all your bodyes/at the last chastynge
To haue the lyfe, that is euerlastynge.

¶ All sayntes.

¶ O brethern and susters/of all mankynde
Standynge in the fayth/and true charyte
Hope of saluacyon, nowe may ye fynde
With helpe of our Lady/to the Trynyte
And to your comforte, nowe wryte all we
Prayeng with your charyte/ ye ye haue good werkes
Without the whiche/your fayth full derke is.

¶ Good werkes in charyte/ben truely included
So that your charyte, be truely fulfylled
But alas your werkes, ben oft deluded
And with vayne glory/your soules ben kylled
Wherfore yf ye wyll/neuer be spylled
Loke that your werkes/and entent be clere
With fayth and charyte/that ben so dere.

¶ And then good hope, soone may ye gete
When ye stande clere/in your conscyence
And after your deth, here shall we mete
In heuenly blysse/in goddes swete presence
And in the meane tyme/kepe well your pacyence
In all aduersyte/for your purgacyon.
And for the more hope/of your saluacyon.
¶ Amen.

# ¶ Finis.

¶ Here after folowth a very behouefull techynge, & remedye/for euery man and woman/daylye to come out of synne/& to come soone in to the state of helth/ after the doctryne of mayster Johan Gerson chaunceler of Parys/and doctoure in dyuynyte.

GOd our Soueraygne Lorde, knowlegynge the great fragylyte & inclynacyon of our synnes/is alway redy of his infynyte pyte & goodnes to do vs mercy and forgyuenes so that truely/without faynynge/with a good herte, & contryte thought we offre and saye the thre verytes folowynge.

# ¶ The fyrste veryte.

My god I knowlege and confesse to haue offended and synned agaynst thy goodnesse/brekyng thy

cõmaundementes, in ſuche maner and ſuche. (Here ought the perſone to conſydze theyz ſynnes done/ per tyculer & generall/beyng ſozy/& thynke on them.) Of the whiche ſynnes I am ſozy / and repent me foz the honoure of the, that arte all good/oonly wozthy to be ſeruyd/obeyed/honoured/and wozſchypped.

## ¶ The ſeconde beryte.

GOod lozde I haue good purpoſe by your helpe to kepe me frõ henſefozward to offẽde you, with out brekynge your cõmaundementes/and to flie and eſchewe to my power all occaſyons of ſynne.

## ¶ The thyrde beryte.

LOzde god I haue good ſtedfaſt wyll to be confeſſyd clerely of all my ſynnes in tyme & place after the cõmaundementes of you / and our mother holy churche(oz at ſuche a feeſt/ oz ſuche) after your ozdynaunce/ and commanudemente of our mother holye churche/and to make ſatyſfaccyon to you, and to my neyghboure.

## Laudes deo.

¶ Imprynted by me
Robert Wyer/ for Rychard bankes.

CVM PRI
VILEGIO
REGALI.

ROBERT WYER.